

A Second Chance
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Summary: Tigerstar has died twice. He should be gone forever, right? That was until... The leader of StarClan has gave him a second chance at life. Tigerstar is now reborn into the world of Pokemon without memories of his past... as a female - which stays a mystery... How will he fare? First Fanfiction! R&R!

1. Prologue

Prologue (Tigerstar's POV)

My lifeâ€| was flashing before my eyes. I remember every second of it. Wanting to become a deputyâ€| Wanting to impress Bluestarâ€| Killing Oakheartâ€| Abandoning homeâ€|

Noâ€| That was the past. When I was alive. Now, I am dead, and dying once moreâ€|.

Firestar stood in front of me. He was dying alright, like he should be. And hatred was pure in his eyes. More than anything, I wanted to stand up from where I was and slit his, the one who took everything, throat.

Though it's too late, I'm way past death. I can feel strength and whatever life I had fading away. _Well..., at least I'm not going down alone._

I heard Firestar spat at me, "You lived like a rogue. You can die like a rogue." He flung himself at me, claws out and aiming where my throat was. He landed a whisker away from where I was on the ground. Firestar let out a snarl, like one of a dark warrior's, and plunged his fangs into my throat.

I tried to get him off. He was making my soul fade away too quickly! I can't- ! I won't- ! I will- !

I felt my body go numb. I looked at my paws- to find that there weren't any. I was disappearingâ€| Disappearing from this world. My paws had vanished, along with more than half of my body. Before my vision completely darkened, I heard from a cat nearby:

"Tigerstar has gone!"

â€|

â€|

â€|

I still felt my body.

But why?

Brokenstar had taught me that dark warriors are completely gone after they die.

Then why do I feel soâ€|

Alive?

I opened my eyes to see a bright blue sky. Stars were dancing, and cats I didn't know were walking past me.

Thisâ€| isâ€|

I haven't been here in what seems like moonsâ€|

When I had my ceremony. This is-

"Hello Tigerstar."

Almost immediately, I unsheathed my claws and turned around to see a cat I did not recognize. She had lavender and light blue fur, and it was dotted with white spots that looked like stars. She had a bushy tail with the exact color as her fur. At the end of her tail, it had two black stripes evenly lined up. Even the cat's scent was very strange. It almost smelled likeâ€| flowers and home.

"I am Starfall." The cat- she- spoke in a rich voice. "And there's no reason to fight anymore, so you can relax."

Did this cat just have the nerve to walk up to me, a Dark Forest leader, and say to not fight?

"Tigerstarâ€| I hope you that you could've ended up happily. Perhaps, the leader of the clan, if things have not gone astray in your life. Just like Mapleshade's. Life has their ups and downsâ€| But I still see good in you, Tigerstar. You're not gone yet, like Brokenstar."

Was this cat thinking about what she just said? That I am good? I am not goodâ€| after all, I killed so many cats.

I looked down. I was surprised I had not attacked this cat yet. I muttered, "â€|Why are you telling me this?"

"Because, Tigerstar, I've decided to give you a second chance. I know chances aren't given away as often."

I was too confused. I've committed crimes against the warrior code, killed other cats, yet this cat wanted to give me a second chance. What is this StarClan cat? And what kind of cat can give life to another cat?

"But waitâ€¦ A second chanceâ€¦ A second chance at what?"

"Why living, of course. Living in another life. You should know, the warriors of the dark forest who dies does have their spirits disappear, but their soul does not. They are reborn into other things or animals such as the trees, the grass, a flower, an herb, and maybe even a vole or mouse."

So waitâ€¦ I might've eaten a WARRIOR in my life?

"I've decided that I will let both your spirit and soul stay alive and be reborn somewhere else. Maybe in another world that's beyond this," Starfall meowed. "However, while this can be gifting, it could have its disadvantages. You can live, and set things right in your timeline, but you can also truly destroy yourself."

"How?"

"If you do anything that violates that laws of living like killing the innocent, or betraying loyalty, your soul AND spirit will be destroyed, and your timeline will disappear forever."

Is this cat an idiot? How can she even see me from anywhere? StarClan cats don't always watch. Doesn't she know I can easily comeback to StarClan using a moonstone or something and kill Firestar once and for all? Just to make myself look innocent, I asked, "â€¦Is there another choice?"

"Yes, you can end up like the rest of the fallen Dark Forest and be reborn into something else. Perhaps, a sparrow or thrush. And I think I'll name you something you might really like."

"And what is that?" I pondered.

"Tora." Starfall answered.

"That name sounds like it belongs to a rogue, a female one."

"Who knows? Maybe you might be named that â€" if you choose to be reborn. And who said you'll be a male?" She mysteriously said.

"â€¦"

"Alright then. Have you already made your choice?"

"Yes. I have." Who knows, maybe my next life would be better. Maybe I'll be stronger.

"You have chosen to...?"

I purred to myself, after so many things just went my way. Then I

answered, "Be reborn into a new life."

"And you know you won't be born with any of your memories?"

Huh. That just slid everything down a slope. I sighed, but then I still answered, "Yes."

Hello, readers! I like you to know that this is my first fanfiction, and crossover! I know that this was short, but I hope you know that there will be a lot more! And I know that there is a lot mistakes, but just tell me what you think!

2. Chapter 1

Chapter 1 (Tigerstar's/Tora's POV)

I woke up to a very soft knock at my bedroom door. I groaned. It's already time to wake up? I don't want to get up so soon. My bedâ€| so comfyâ€| I felt my head nod off to the welcoming darkness.

"Tora." I heard my mother call from behind my door.

I moaned, trying to put up my best acting skills, and said, "Momâ€| Just a few more minutesâ€| I" â€“_yawn â€“ _will be upâ€| soon."

I heard her sigh (mega, super awesome hearing? I don't know) from behind the door, "Fine Tora. But you are not going to eat your Sitrus Berry Muffin."

I heard her walk down the stairs. I felt relieved and snuggled into myâ€| Ah, so comfy bedâ€|

WAIT. Did she say she was planning to take THE Sitrus Berry Muffin (Yes, I name my beautiful muffins)? I sat up immediately and leaped off my bed, pulled open my door and announced from the top of the stairs, "I'm awake!"

Mom wasn't even half-way down the stairs. She turned and smirked, along with her hand on her hip, with her rich colored brown hair falling on her shoulders, "I knew you'd wake up."

"Duh! We have Sitrus Berry Muffins every 3 months! It's my favorite for Arceus's sake!"

"And you won't be eating one if you don't hurry up and get changed."

"Okay! Okay! I'm coming!" I rushed back in my room, going straight for my closet.

My closet was very empty, since I cleaned it out before we moved to the Kalos Region. I had a few shirts, but I grabbed my favorite top, along with shoes and pants that went along with it.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I had orange, long, straight hair that reached to my pants. My hair swept over my right eye. I had amber eyes that seemed a little feline. I had an orange and yellow striped sweater where the roll fell loosely to the front. I had black tights with orange slippers. I was about 12 years old and had olive

skin. I didn't wear red glasses like my mom, or have a red and pink stripped sweater like her, or have brown hair, or her red slippers, but I'd say we looked pretty similar.

Oh right! THE MUFFIN!

I went down the stairs so fast I almost slipped, but managed to get down anyway. The first thing I saw was our small kitchen, along with my mom putting away dishes. On our small and humble table (which was just a simple brown table) was two plates with one, yet a big muffin laid out with vapor steaming off of it.

Despite my excitement to eat and savor my precious muffin, I greeted my mother with, "Good morning!"

Mom turned her head towards, smiled, then turned back and followed with, "Good morning, sweet heart."

I sat down at the table, which had 2 chairs, a small, but significant change from our old home. At our old home, we had 3 chairs. One for mom, one for me, and one for... my dad.

I've never met my dad. I didn't know his name, how he looked (must've had orange hair like me since mom doesn't have my hair color), his age, or anything at all, only left a memento, which was a Purrloin, with the name: Tabitha. Mom never really told me anything at all about dad. Is he dead or alive? All I know is that my dad left Tabitha. Every time I tried to ask about dad, all mom did was try to start another topic. In the end, I was always back to square one.

Speaking of Tabitha, I saw her at my living room, which had a flat screen TV, blue carpet, a wooden floor, and Tabitha's bed, yawning and stretching. Purrloin wasn't actually another pokemon that just speaks its name. I can actually hear real words coming from her mouth. I figured out that all pokemon have personality, and it's because of this strange ability I hadâ€!

I always had this ability to understand pokemon, no matter what kind, which was strange, since no other human is known to speak to pokemon.

I told mom about it, but she just called it childish. No human can speak to pokemon, despite the many years scientists have been going at it, and I just can't be one of many people ever to speak to pokemon. I had been 8 then, and decided not to tell anyone else since I didn't want to be insulted. And now, I don't tell anyone because I didn't want to be a freak, or hunted by scientists.

I ate my muffin slowly, savoring the flavor in every bite. Soon, mom finished putting away the dishes, closing the cabinets that didn't make slamming noises since it was new, and plopped herself across from where I sat.

Mom actually enjoyed Sitrus Berry Muffins as much as I did. She ate hers slowly like I did. I saw Tabitha walk over to our table.

"**Morning, Tora." **She purred, still comfortable from her bed.

"Hello, Tabitha." I answered with a greeting. I saw her point her tail at my plate. She likes anything I like. Especially Sitrus Berry Muffins. I looked over to mom, who was spacing off. Then, I chucked off a piece of my muffin. Looking at mom once more, who was still savoring her muffin, I threw the piece to Tabitha, who caught it in the air before it could fall to the ground. Tabitha walked away, munching her piece of muffin, then walked over to her food bowl.

Soon, we finished eating. We were heading off to my new school today. I was actually a little reluctant to go, since I would be younger than the rest of the kids there. I was going to a grade more advanced for my age. I was a year younger than them, so I can't help but feel I'll be separated from a lot of people. I could've been put into the older student's class, but that was already separating myself from society. I'd be smaller, AND younger than everyone.

We had our bikes with us. Mine was light orange with a basket, and mom had a red bicycle "cruiser." I had no idea what a "cruiser" was, but I don't think it really matters.

I loaded Tabitha into her basket, and carried my school supplies inside a backpack. Mom carried her supplies in a purse, then when we were ready, we headed off.

It's been a while since I had felt the wind in my hair. I haven't been outside for a while, actually. I've been busy all summer with some other things. Really now, I can't remember whatâ€!

Before I knew it, I was in front of the school. It wasn't that big, actually. It was about 15 meters wide. It was painted in a red color, had bushes and different life surrounding, had a brown roof, a bell, and a walkway amongst grass to get inside the building.

Small, yet really nice.

Mom and I chained our bikes near some railing meant for bikes. It was still a little early to get in (7:15), but the doors were unlocked.

When we were in the building, I saw a hallway that led to only 6 different classes. It seemed as though the school supported 2 or 3 different grades for students. There wasn't many kids here, and there was only one person with a mom hereâ€! And that happened to be me.

"Okay Mom! I'm good from here!" I quickly said to mom. I DO NOT want to be embarrassed on my first day of school. I know there are very few kids, but those few kids _can _spread rumors about me being a baby who needs her mother to walk her to school.

"But sweetheart. Can't you at least let me meet your teachers?" Mom asked.

"I'm pretty sure my teachers will schedule a day for a time to meet them! But you should hurry and go mom!" I assured.

"Okayâ€! I guess. Have a good day, sweetheart."

I sighed in relief as I saw mom leave and took Tabitha with her (I honestly wanted to have Tabitha on my first day of school). She got her bicycle (basically meaningless for chaining up her bike) and rode away until I can no longer see her.

Hoping no one witnessed my mother being here, I was proven wrong when I heard, "Hello."

I jumped to the sudden voice. I looked to see a girl with raven black hair, with some streams of blue. She wore a light gray long sleeve with royal blue skirt. She had a dark blue star-shaped necklace and wore light gray slippers like mine. She looked about 4 years older than I. She was about 6 inches taller than I and had blue eyes.

"Ummâ€œ| Hello." I greeted nervously.

She smiled. "I'm glad some other students are here already. I know tutors are supposed to be here early, but when I got here, there was barely any other students here. The school felt quite empty."

"Oh."

"I'd like to meet some students around here." She said. "So, is it okay if I ask for your name?"

"It's fine. My name is Tora." I squeaked. I hope she doesn't tell anyone else about what she saw. I was also a bit shy when it came down to meeting people older than I.

"Well, welcome to Aquacorde's school, Tora. I'm Blue." She introduced.

"It's nice to meet you, Blue." Maybe this girl isn't bad after all.

"I have some jobs I need to tend to with the teachers. I guess I'll see you around then."

"Okay, Blue. I'll see you around."

* * *

><p>(A couple hours later)

Well, the first day of school wasn't so bad. I didn't make any enemies, but didn't make any other friends that wasn't Blue either. We actually have two classes. There is two classes per grade. We switch classes every 3 hours, and there's a total of 6 hours of school. I wasn't pointed out by anyone yet, which I'm glad for as well. We learned about strategies in battle. We were supposed to do a real battle this Friday, but the teachers aren't sure yet.

I also didn't see Blue today. I guess she's tutoring some other grade. Isn't Blue also a little young to be tutoring? I don't know, but I sure do admire Blue for being smart enough to tutor.

I was walking outside, going by the walkway. There were a lot of students hanging out with friends. I saw some other older students.

At least 3 or less years older than Blue. Maybe they're other tutors? If so, I guess Blue is like the youngest tutor.

"Hey Tora!" I heard Blue's voice from next to me.

Sure enough, Blue was there, with a smile that looked kind. "How was your day here?" She asked.

"I don't know. But I guess it wasn't bad." I answered.

"Yeah most first days of school aren't the worst, but it takes time to get used to going to school after 2 or 3 months of break." Blue advised.

"I can already see that." I said.

"Well, I want to know more about you. Is it okay if we meet each other this Friday at your house or my house?" She asked.

"I prefer your house, but it is fine if we go to mine."

"Okay. My house it is!" Blue said. "Well, I got to go. I'll see you tomorrow." I saw her grab her bike from some other railing (I didn't see it earlier?) then rode away. I did the same with mine, and rode away to home.

* * *

><p>(30 minutes later)

I was a bit slow on coming home, but I was already outside my house. I opened the front door and called, "Mom! I'm home!"

I heard noises of our TV being on, so I guess mom was home. She didn't answer me immediately, so I dropped my backpack in the kitchen and went to the living room. I saw mom sitting there, staring at the TV with eyes that were wide.

"**- don't know the culprit, but the police are investigating right now." **The female news reporter informed.

"Hey mom, what's on the news?" I asked.

She looked at me with those eyes that were still wide. "You didn't see?"

"Noâ€|?" I said in confusion.

"Go look outside from your window." She said.

I swear I hate when mom does that. She keeps something from me and makes me find it out on my own. On my way up to my room, I picked up my backpack. I climbed up the stairs quickly to see what mom was so shocked about.

I dropped my schoolbag on my bed and looked outside the window.

And I saw something distant but surely, it was there. My eyes widened in horror as I looked.

I saw a huge cloud of smoke. In the direction of my school.

* * *

><p>Okay! It wasn't that bad of an emergency, but how would you feel if you saw *ahem* smoke from your school? Where would you go? And what about the lives there? Well, this is one of the longest chapters I've typed. Well, ever, anyway. Thank you Vulpix and Kitty for being my first reviewers. I'm glad you both see potential in this. I bet you guys figured out who Blue is supposed to be. (All signs point to a certain character). I hope you enjoyed this chapter, and tell me what you think! ^^

End
file.